

1607/4740

F O U R

SELECT POEMS.

The following pieces are taken from a manuscript of the
time of James VI. and are of various subjects, religious, moral,
and entertaining, which the author has been at great pains to
bring to the public. The pieces are written in the English
language, and are of a very good style, and are much more
valuable than any of the kind that have been published.

NEVER BEFORE PRINTED.

The Author is very sensible that none of his poems
can justly lay claim to classic elegance, either in point of
expression, or in the choice of words; but he has been
sensible that the poems here given, are of a different
kind, and are of a very good style, and are much more
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By JOHN HOY, Junior,

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To the PUBLIC.

THE following pieces are taken from a manuscript collection of poems on various subjects, religious, moral, and entertaining, which the author proposes to commit to print, if the present extract meet with the approbation of the Public. The pieces here published are given as a specimen of the Author's poetry and stile, and are pitched upon because they are thought fittest to appear by themselves, and at the same time exhibit in the fullest manner a specimen of the different kinds of poetical composition of which the Collection consists.

The Author is very sensible that none of his performances can justly lay claim to classic elegance, either in point of thought or expression; but he flatters himself that nothing will be found either in the specimen here given, or the Collection at large, that will either affront the Public, or disgrace himself: he is therefore hopeful the candid reader will receive with indulgence this his first essay, and encourage him to proceed in his intended publication of the whole Collection, which will contain about 30 poems on different subjects, printed on fine writing paper, and executed in the same elegant taste with the specimen here given, and will be sold to Subscribers at the low price of 1s. 6d. each copy.



A

FRIENDLY ADVICE

T O

Y O U N G P O E T S.

POETS, attend! the meanest of the throng
Which strays the pure Pierian streams along,
Demands your ear, to counsel you aspires,
And rudely carols what the Muse inspires,
How you Parnassus' glorious heights may gain,
And hear, and mingle in, the immortal strain:
Do not your simple, honest friend despise;
The simple sometimes may instruct the wise:
From mutual aid perfection only springs,
The sure defence of poets, statesmen, kings!

First then your theme with cautious judgment choose,
And still where nature leads direct the Muse:
Know your own selves, nor soar above your height;
Such flights afford more danger than delight.
Troy's awful wars, and stern Achilles' rage
Are not for you, but call for riper age.
In humbler scenes the playful Muse employ,
And sing wild nature with unceasing joy.
The ploughman's toil, the shepherd's fleecy train,
And all the rural honours of the plain;
The soft delight which faithful lovers know,
And friendship, balm of misery below;

Familiar these the youthful Muse engage,
For simple scenes best suit your tender age.

Your subject chosen, next th' inspiring Muse
Let noble sentiments and just infuse,
Swell ev'ry thought, and glow in ev'ry line,
And deck your verse with ornaments divine!
To this with studious care your thoughts apply,
Charm'd with the beauties of propriety.
Melodious numbers never can excuse
Bad sense, but only heighten the abuse.

Next let your thoughts in proper words be told,
And various as the subjects you unfold:
Ideas low in lofty language dress'd,
And lofty thoughts in vulgar phrase express'd,
Are equally absurd; and either side
The youthful bard should carefully avoid.
Fall with the low, and with the lofty rise;
Now trace the flow'ry field, now wing the azure skies.
Should glossy silks the hardy soldier wear?
Or heavy armour load the trembling fair?
Should sceptred kings their royal limbs infold
In tatter'd rags, or beggars shine in gold?
Should diamonds glitter round the simple swain
Who guides the plough along the furrow'd plain?—
Just as absurd the Muse, in each degree,
When sentiment and language disagree.
Should heav'n's dread mysteries, and awful praise,
Be dress'd in laughing, light, fantastic lays?
Should lively wit, and humour's sprightly vein,
A heavy load of lifeless verse sustain?



Each various theme a various strain requires ;
 This melts the soul, and that with rapture fires.
 The lofty mountain, and the lonely vill ;
 The thund'ring ocean, and the purling rill ;
 The smooth soft mead, the rugged rock's rude form ;
 The whisp'ring zephyr, and the bellowing storm :
 The sound still echos what the words record,
 And each to each their mutual aid afford.

When Jove * from Ida's cloudy summit rolls
 Those burning bolts that shake the solid poles,
 While his dread law the heav'nly pow'rs controls, }
 The mighty theme a loftier verse requires
 Than rural scenes, or love's delightful fires,
 Which youthful Damon, on the mountain's brow
 Tending his flocks that nibbling grafs below,
 In rustic harmony, and simple stile,
 Wild carols to his love who hears the while.

When the soft beauties of the blooming spring
 Invite the youthful bard her praise to sing,
 Walk forth ; and, while all nature melts in love,
 Attend the music of the warbling grove ;
 Mark how the lark and thrush their liquid strains prolong,
 And learn to imitate their wild melodious song.
 But when dread Winter nature's face deforms
 With desolating rough hibernal storms ;
 From the loud bellowing north the tempests hurl'd,
 Down rush impetuous on the watery world,
 On the wild shore your awful station keep,
 And view the gloomy horrors of the deep ;

* Vide Homer's Iliad, Book 8th.

See the toss'd billows flash with dreadful light
 Thro' the dark bosom of resounding night ;
 Hear the hoarse surges lash the trembling shore,
 While rocks rebellow to the hallow roar :
 There let the Muse assume a louder strain,
 And tune her numbers to the rougher scene ;
 Still to the great original adhere,
 And copy nature with unceasing care ;
 On ev'ry line her image be impress'd ;
 All in her own simplicity be dress'd.

When weeping lovers sigh, thro' the sad song
 Soft flow the liquid melody along ;
 Not so when fire-ey'd Anger burns ; for then
 Let rougher numbers swell the surly strain :
 The rapid syllables, in quicker flow
 Pouring along, th' impetuous passion show.

When firm undaunted Fortitude appears,
 With smiling front erect, despising fears,
 Let then th' intrepid numbers flow along,
 Bold, equal, constant, permanent and strong :
 Not so when frantic terror wildly stares,
 With trembling limbs, bedew'd, and stiffen'd hairs ;
 His falt'ring accents, and disorder'd pace,
 Each look, each jesture marks his deep distress :
 The starting verse let catch th' alarming pain,
 And oft break short the unconcluded strain,
 Struck silent with amaze. —

When sullen grief demands a mournful strain,
 The sense and sound should mutually complain :

Let hollow murmurs load the burden'd song,
 And groans profound move heavily along :
 Not so when joy awakes th' inspiring lay,
 And kindles in the breast her genial ray.

But the same passion oft, in various lands,
 And various souls, a different verse demands.
 How various oft are love's delightful fires?
 Those, soft and sweet ; these, raging wild desires.
 Soft flow the strain when sad Beseis * sighs,
 And with her tender sorrow sympathize :
 Not so when stern Achilles loud complains,
 While rock to rock resounds his furious strains.

While thus I sung, and with ambitious aim,
 Strove, or to give or catch th' immortal flame,
 Methought, descending from his high abode,
 I saw, in shining robes th' Aonian god :
 An awful light his youthful face o'erspread,
 While, sternly frowning, thus the god-head said.

“ Vain mortal ! cease ; thy fruitless task resign ;
 “ A task, the labour of the pow'rs divine !
 “ The justest laws how weak ! the happiest art
 “ Intirely fails true merit to impart,
 “ Unless my sacred ray, that fires the soul,
 “ Glow in each line, and animate the whole.
 “ 'Tis I who teach the tow'ring bard to rise,
 “ And wing with steady flight the azure skies ;

* Vide Homer's Iliad, Book I.

" I lift him high to yon sublime abode,
 " Where the rapt Muses hymn th' inspiring god;
 " Where Fame her living trump continual blows,
 " And points where, thron'd in gold, great Shakespear
 " glows.

" He, Nature's child, by Phœbus' self inspir'd,
 " His soul with more than common ardour fir'd,
 " Above those laws by human art combin'd*,
 " Which curb free fancy, and perplex the mind,
 " Dar'd to arise, and, wondrous proof! to show
 " How far may native wit, and genius go."

The vision spoke, and vanished from my sight,
 And left me stunn'd, and trembling with affright:
 With conscious shame my error straight I spy'd,
 Dismiss'd the Muse, and flung my pen aside.

VARIATION.

* ————— to subject bards injoin'd.

T H E
M O R N I N G.

A N O D E.

NOW rosy Morn empurples all the sky,
And o'er yon eastern height,
With dewy lustre bright,

The golden sun looks glorious from on high.
Awake, O heav'nly Muse! the trembling lyre,
And join in Nature's universal lay;
Touch my dull breast with pure poetic fire,
With dulcet melody to hail th' approaching day!

What various beauties paint the spangled lawn!
Sweet flow'rs of ev'ry hue,
Now bright with morning dew;
Beauties by Nature's magic pencil drawn!
Nor less sweet music fills th'enraptur'd ear:—
From rock, or sunny plain, or shady grove,
One boundless concert fills the echoing air;
All nature melts around in ecstasy of love!

Both hill and dale, green wood, and flow'ry lawn,
And all that they contain,
In air or on the plain,
Seem fill'd with rapture at the approaching dawn!
Wild transport seizes now the feather'd race;
O'er the green mead the frisking lambkins play;
The trout, light bounding from the wat'ry space,
In dumb expressive show salutes th' inspiring ray.

Shall man alone a dull observer prove?

Nor gratitude nor joy

His tuneful tongue employ,

Nor touch his conscious breast with heav'nly love?

No:—Mark yon shepherd on the mountain's brow,

Where blushing walks the rosy-footed May,

While heav'n and earth with various beauties glow,

What kindling rapture swells his wild melodious lay!

Hail! holy light! and thou, resplendent sun!

Whose virtue none can tell,

So far thou doest excel,

Bright spark, struck beaming from th' eternal throne!

Without thy sacred all-inspiring pow'r

Beauty and grace no more would nature boast,

Harmonious order deck her face no more,

In night's dark, dreary womb all swallow'd up, and
lost!

With what surprise th' angelic choir beheld,

When first the new-born sun

His flaming course begun,

And o'er the pathless sky his journey held!

When from the portals of the glowing morn,

Array'd in burning gold, the king of day

Triumphant came, all nature to adorn,

And o'er th' illumin'd sky diffus'd his orient ray!

Triumphant songs were heard from ev'ry star;

The planets in their rounds

Return'd the lofty sounds,

And heav'n's blue vault re-echo'd from afar!

The distant earth received his grateful beams,
 And hill and mossy dale refulgent shone;
 In glory not their own the crystal streams,
 As liquid amber pure, in golden channels run.

Now strike a bolder note, celestial Muse,

To the great source of all,

At whose prolific call

From the dark deep this glorious fabric rose!

With his high praise conclude the lofty strain,

Whose smile awak'd the sun's refulgent fire,

And each fair light that decks th' ethereal plain;

But at whose awful frown they tremble or expire,

A

T H U N D E R S T O R M .

IN sweetest smiles arose the virgin dawn,
And spread new glories o'er the spangled lawn ;
The sunny mountains, bright with flowing streams,
Reflected soft her golden colour'd beams :
But ere the sun had gain'd th' etherial height,
His flaming ray was quench'd in sudden night.
Black rising clouds usurp the face of day,
And fiery gleams the dusky wreaths betray :
The clouds, impress'd with various motions, fly,
And dread confusion rules the troubl'd sky :
With interrupted breath, the dubious breeze
Disturbs the floods, and stirs the quiv'ring trees :
The gloomy hills, with dusky vapours crown'd,
Shed deeper horrors o'er the plains around.
A conscious dread astonish'd Nature feels,
Thro' all her regions, nor that dread conceals :
Th' affrighted herds across the dusky plain
Tumultuous scud, nor heed the 'tending swain ;
While on the darken'd heath, in narrow space
Contracted, stands the timid fleecy race :
The feather'd tribes forsake the troubled sky ; }
Some plung'd in thickest shades in secret lie, }
And some to hollow rocks for shelter fly.
All to their several homes with speed repair :—
The birds of night come forth, and wing the desert air.

Now kindling into rage black storms arise,
 And deaf'ning noises fill the echoing skies:
 Dread thro' the darken'd air loud thunders roll;
 The rapid lightnings dart from pole to pole;
 Black livid flames torment the blasted sight,
 And strike the shadowy hills with dreadful light:
 Wide o'er th' extended plains their treasures large,
 In copious floods the streaming clouds discharge:
 Prone down the hills abrupt, from rock to rock,
 Red, roaring, rough, th' impetuous torrents smoke.

Unhappy he, far from his native home,
 Who devious wanders thro' the fiery gloom;
 Wide o'er the pathless waste forlorn he strays,
 While round his head the sheety light'nings blaze;
 Thro' the dark sky loud peals of thunder roll,
 And fate, approaching, takes his trembling soul.
 Thrice happy they whose calm unruffled mind,
 To heav'n's all-wise disposing will resign'd,
 Can hear unmov'd the thunder's awful roar,
 Or only mov'd the god-head to adore.

For me in that dread hour, when all around
 The light'nings flash, and thunders rock the ground,
 My homely cot be then my blest retreat,
 (Where calm contentment holds her peaceful seat),
 Whose humble roof excludes the rushing rain,
 Its shelter woods when whirlwinds sweep the plain:
 While Delia here observes the light'nings blaze,
 And her quick throbbing breast her fears betrays,
 Be mine the task these tumults to allay,
 And from her lovely check to chase pale fear away.

THE
RESPONDING LOVER.

AN ELEGY.

‘T WAS when the Moon the height of heav’n had gain’d,
And wide o’er ether spread her trembling light,
No shadowy clouds the fleecy azure stain’d,
And not a breath disturb’d the peaceful night.

Beneath the nodding umbrage of yon grove
That shades perfumes o’er all the hallow’d ground,
Of old the seat of innocence and love,
While love and innocence on earth were found;

There Damon pass’d the lonely midnight hour,
And breath’d his sorrows to the pitying air,
Which, softly sighing thro’ the fragrant bow’r,
Responsive murmur’d to his deep despair.

“ Now peaceful slumbers (thus his words express)
From ev’ry bosom banish ev’ry pain:
But ah! there’s nought can soften my distress,
And sleep’s Lethean balm is sought in vain.

Yon lofty dome by shadowing woods embrown’d,
In Gothic pomp it hoary summit rears,
Whose mossy walls, with ivy mantled round,
The stamp of Time’s revolving ages wears:

There lodge in peaceful rows the silent dead,
 No more by keen adversity oppress;
 And sweetly slumber in their lowly bed,
 All pain and grief for ever laid to rest.

O death! I long to enter thy still gloom,
 And share that bliss which life denies me here;
 Wrapp'd in the close embraces of the tomb,
 No more to heave a sigh, nor drop a tear.

No anxious cares that peaceful region knows;
 And changeful Fortune smiles or frowns in vain;
 No noisy strife disturbs the calm repose
 That lulls the silent solitary reign.

No more shall Delia's smiles my bosom warm;
 No more her cold disdain my soul deplore:
 But dead to magic beauty's softest charm,
 I'll soundly sleep, and think of love no more.

There let me rest, forgot of all below;
 And Delia's self my memory resign!—
 Ah! lovely Delia!—but thou ne'er shalt know
 How much I lov'd, how much my heart was thine!

Yet, haply, when my tomb approaching nigh,
 Thou seest the turf its grassy summit rear,
 That gentle breast may heave one tender sigh,
 And those fair eyes let fall one pitying tear.

Where slow in shadowy ranks grim specters glide,
 And trace in air their visionary way,
 My gladden'd ghost shall view with fullen pride,
 And transport brighten the pale cheek of clay.

Ah! 'twere too much!—perdition swells the thought!—
 'Twould make me rush on death, and seek the tomb,
 Could I believe thy soul, with pity fraught,
 Might once deplore thy Damon's early doom.

Let happier scenes thy tranquil hours employ,
 Nor thoughts of Damon blast one moment's peace,
 When other loves shall yield another joy,
 And raptures kindle in a new embrace!

But come it will, at heav'n's supreme command,
 (With fullen joy I view th' approaching day!)
 When bursts at once the Hymeneal band,
 And all mankind's weak ties dissolve away.

Another flame shall kindle in the soul;
 Nor thou, O Delia, own a private lord;
 No mean restraint the mutual wish control;
 But love and virtue meet a just reward.

T H E E N D.

